DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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OLD TRAY AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

TAKING CARE OF THE CANARIES.

The Canary, which is a native of the Cape Verd and Canary Isles in the Atlantic Ocean, was first brought into Europe about the beginning of the 16th century, and since that time has been a general favorite.

A great deal of mis-management is shown in the choice of cages for our pets. The plainer and simpler the cage is the better; those fancy cages filled with nooks and corners are totally unfit for the proper keeping of the birds, as the corners are only breeding places for vermin which bother them and sometimes are the cause of their death. Airiness, light, space, and ease of cleaning, are the principal points to remember in the selection of a cage. The color is a matter of taste, but a combination of green and white makes a pleasing contrast, and is best adapted to the hues of most birds. The door should be large enough to admit of a good sized bathing tray. The perches should be plain round sticks of different sizes. If the cage is a medium sized one an ivory ring, suspended from the roof, will prove an endless source of amusement to the occupant, who enjoys nothing better than a swing now and then.

For the keeping of canaries in a healthy condition much depends upon the judicious mixture of seeds. Canary-seed is their principal food, but they require a variety, such as hemp, rape, millet, linseed and poppy, and the crushed seed of many garden vegetables. Canary and rape seed mixed is about the best for general use. The fresh tender leaves of watercress, lettuce, and cabbage are also highly appreciated, while a perfectly ripe strawberry or apple is a dainty to a canary.

Sand carefully washed should be laid sufficiently thick to cover the bottom of the cage; this should be frequently changed. On acount of the canaries bad habit of scattering seed and husks about the part of the room in which its cage may be hanging it is often ban[illegible] from the parlor and library. The annoyance can easily be prevented, and pet kept where he is wanted by taking a strip of muslin or thin gauze, wide enough to fit loosely about the cage when its edges are sewed together; gathering it in a bunch like the neck of an old fashioned work-bag, and attaching six inches above the bottom of the cage and also about six inches below it, where it can be tied by a ribbon.

A DISCONCERTED MOUSE.

Trouble is sometimes caused by mice making their way into the cages and eating the seed intended for the birds. They will climb down the rope by which the cage is suspended if no other way of entering can be found. Our engraving shows how this may be prevented by passing the cord through a circular piece of tin or cardboard which will sway with the weight of the mouse and thus afford it no chance of holding on. The place in which the birds are kept should be neither too hot or cold or liable to drafts. In summer a high sunny window out of reach of cats, and where cooling breezes blow about, will be sure to please the birds and bring out their gayest song. In winter the best place would be the wall of the dwelling room on which the sun shines part of the day. Stove heat and particularly gas is bad for canaries. To avoid the evil effects of the last, which makes the air intensely hot near the ceilings, it is a good plan to have the cage suspended from a pulley, so that it can be lowered within three or four feet from the floor in the evening At night if the room will become very cold the cage should be wrapped in an old shawl or covered with thick paper leaving a small space open as an air hole[illegible] to disease, much of which is caused by the imperfect way in which [illegible] have been attended to. Either the cage has been allowed to become so dirty as to impair his health, or the proud owner of the bird has been over indulgent and injured its stomach with rich food, or else it may have been allowed to associate with some diseased birds and so have caught the malady. The signs by which it can be generally told whether the birds are in good health or not, are—The general appearance of his plumage, the color of his eyes, legs, beak, and last though not least, his liveliness or lack of it. A bird's health is generally most delicate at the time of molting, which begins in August or earlier in hot weather. Too early molting should be prevented by removal of the bird to a cooler room and by frequent baths. While molting the bird should have plenty of water for drinking and bathing and a generous diet Some stimulant in the water in the shape of a rusty nail, and careful attention on your part will help your favorite through what is to him a most trying season Sometimes the feet and legs become sore and scaly; this is caused by foul perches The treatment is to hold the feet frequently in warmish water, sometimes adding a trifle of arnica to it and anoint them with oil. The perches should be frequently examined, scraped, and if any of those pests, the red mites, should make their appearance upon them plunge the perch in boiling water two or three times a week.

FANCY VARIETIES OF THE CANARY.

DICKIE.

Canaries show a great aptitude for tricks, and will soon come to know their master or mistress. An English gentleman had a canary which, for years, was never kept in a cage. In summer he would fly out to the gate or down the road to meet his master, perching on his finger, nestling in his bosom or, best of all clinging to his hair, where he was supremely happy.

The picture of the bird in the dog's mouth tells a true story of a bird in France which really would go into Old Tray's mouth and sit there in perfect security.

A CAGE WITH LACE BAG FOR CATCHING SEED.

Temperance Department.

TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSES IN LIVERPOOL.

It is seldom, we believe, that a body of business men have bestowed such pains from day to day on a philanthropic scheme as have the directors of this work. They have thrown their hearts in to it as if it had been their own private business. They have watched, pondered, resolved, acted, as if they were carrying out a military enterprise. Better still, they have shown a real sense of the sin and evil of drunkenness, and have been moved against it by the overwhelming force of Christian duty and Christian love. We believe many of them have made it an earnest prayer that they might be directed and blessed in this undertaking. The strength that has come to them is more than mortal might; as I heard one of them express it, "The will of God is the strongest thing in the world, and when that is for us, we must conquer."

Quietly but truly, the movement has had a Christian tone. Go through the rooms, look at the prints from the "British Workman" hanging on the walls, and you see the evidence of this remark. Converse with the attendants, you find they are not mere hirelings but earnest in the cause of temperance, and many, too, earnest in the cause of Christ. You become sensible of the immense advantage of attendants who do their work *con amore*. You see what a power they have to attract and attach the people, to turn occasional visitors into *habitues*, to make them feel among friends—at home—breathing an atmosphere of kindness. Of course, they have sometimes a good deal to bear. Men brought in for the first time by their comrades will very likely feel bound to object to everything, and to contrast the fare provided for them with [illegible] sulky under their chaff, or good-humoured and cheerful. Good-natured parrying of thrusts—giving as good as they get, but with good-humour—goes a great way in conciliating people. "How is it you get on so well?" we once asked a very successful superintendent "I make up my mind to swallow a great deal," was his reply. "We have a great deal of chaffing to bear from some, but I swallow it all and they soon come round."

Very wisely the director resolved that nothing should be wanted that could reasonably contribute to the attractiveness of the rooms. On the ground-floor there is usually a large apartment set with rows of benches and narrow tables, where men, very like their work, and that by no means cleanly work, are accommodated, especially at meal times. How to keep this place clean, especially in wet weather—of which commodity Liverpool is by no means stinted—is the insoluble problem of the concern. Up-stairs there are usually apartments where a slight increase of cost secures a somewhat more select class of customers. Here the floors are covered with floor-cloth, and the tables with marble slabs. Everything looks bright and cheerful. If you get your coffee in a mug down-stairs, here you have the luxury of a cup. Sometimes there are rooms for women—of course very civilised. As to smoking, if it is wished a room is provided for it. In fact, there is accommodation for a considerable variety in the social scale. The letter carrier may refresh himself at his ease when he has got rid of his bundle; the telegraph boy when he has run his messege; the clerk or the tradesman in the lull of business, the teacher even, while the school is at play. Our sympathies are liable to forget these, and we are apt to fancy that the working classes have a monopoly of temptation. Often it is far otherwise; and though the cases may not be so numerous, there are, no doubt, not a few intermediates, as we may call them, to whom the coffee-shops are a great boon.

It is indispensable that the coffee-houses be early of opening and late of closing. Even "early to bed and early to rise" does not go far enough for them. Every door must be opened by five in the morning. Not only must the door be opened, but the viands must be ready. This involves getting up about four a hard enough condition on winter mornings. But it would never do to miss the chance of the working man as he passes cold and empty to his work. He really needs his "morning," and in no shape is it so useful as in that of cocoa or coffee. Then it is found that the demand continues till ten at night or even later. By relays of servants, or by arrangements among themselves, provision is made for both early and late customers. It is evident, in this point of view, that it is a great benefit to have a dwelling-house on the premises: this is well worthy of being kept in view in places where it is contemplated to begin the work.

And now for the important question of meat and drink. The Liverpool Company do not deal in cooked meats, but only in cocoa, tea, and coffee, and in bread and butter, though meat pies, bread and cheese may be had. In the common room you may have a pint of cocoa or coffee, or a gill of tea for a penny, and half a pint of cocoa or coffee for a half-penny. The materials are all of the best quality and are purchased in large quantities, making the profit larger. At first, we believe, cocoa was the favourite article; but now coffee is treading hard upon its heels. It used to be thought that cocoa was more nutritous, and therefore a better substitute for stimulants, and for that reason more popular; but now it looks as if coffee would carry the day.

In all the Liverpool houses facilities are afforded on the spot for customers signing the abstinence pledge. This is often of great importance in connection with some of them, there is a social gathering and entertainment on Saturday evenings, designed to furnish the people with combined recreation and moral influence. There are no religious services in direct connection with the rooms.

So much for general arrangements and general results. But may we not go a little more narrowly into the movement, and ascertain some of its results in individual cases?—How is it viewed by what we may call "the drinking classes," and what has its effect been on any of them? Some of our friends have furnished us with a few illustrations of its working in the case of individuals, which we are sure will be read with much interest.

We begin with the case of a woman, a Scotchwoman, too, who told her story thus to Mr. Garrett. "The cocoa-room has been the means of a new life to me. Before it was opened I had no clothes, and only a hole in which to live. My one thought was whiskey. All my life and comfort and joy was in the spirit-vaults. One morning I had but a half-penny; I was cold and miserable, and as I could do nothing with the halfpenny to get spirits, I came in and got a half-pint of cocoa. It was so warm and nourishing that it took [illegible] longing for drink. I went to had a pint more. Since then everything has gone well with me. I have never touched the wihskey; but I havebought some warm clothes, and have got out of the cellar where I used to live, and have taken a nice little room, where I can live like a Christian."

One remembers the apology of Maggie Mucklebackit, for her love of a dram, whey the laird denounced it: "Aye, aye, it's easy for your honor, and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an' ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deein' o' cauld, and had a sair heart,—whilk is warst ava'—wi' just tippence in your pouch,—wadna' ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?" If our Liverpool friend is to be relied on, much less than "tippence" can be exchanged for much better than a dram, and happy is the toiling, struggling, exposed man or woman that has the chance.

Here is the testimony of a working man. "The cocoa-room has nearly made me into a teetotaller. For twenty years I had always begun the day with three-pennorth of rum, and I had a few drinks during the day. When however, this cocoa-room was opened, I determined to try it. I got a pint of cocoa as I came to my work. It only cost me a penny and I felt better than I did with my three-pennorth of rum. I said to myself this will pay; so I came at breakfast time, and I have constantly come ever since: that's more than three months ago, and I have never tasted nor wanted a drop of drink since."

The remarkable thing in both these cases is, the discovery that cocoa did more good than spirits, at less than half the cost. After all, it is pretty nearly the discovery of those who have given up the use of alcohol, and find themselves stronger, younger, and fresher without it.

It is interesting to see, in many cases, how anxious people are to be emancipated from a wicked and degrading habit, or from what tends thereto, if only they knew the way. It is one of the things that inspire hope in the battle with drunkenness; the bondage is so loathsome and so horrible that surely the victims would fain escape, if it were not that to escape is more difficult than to endure.

Here is an interesting anonymous letter to Mr. Garrett.

"DEAR SIR.—Excuse me for taking up your time with a letter, but I want to thank you for starting the cocoa-rooms. I have for many years been a drunkard. I have tried again and again to be sober, but if I was sober for a week I was soon down again and lower than ever. I have heard you and John Gough, and all the best temperance speakers but it all fell off me like water from a duck's back. I thought there was no hope for me. But the cocoa-room was opened, and as soon as I saw it, I said this is just what I want. I went in and have continued to do so ever since. That is now two months, and everything seems changed for the better. I go home at night now, and help my little girl to learn her lessons, and my missus looks so happy, and the child seems so puzzled, that I feel almost ready to tell them how it is, but I won't yet, for fear I don't hold out. However, that's another reason why I am writing to you. I don't know how it is, but from the first day I went into the cocoa-room I always feel as if you were standing by my side. And I want you to pray that God may help me. I shall know by my feelings whether you do or no. If God helps me I shall conquer after all, and that will be a good thing for me and mine. I will write again after a time, and tell you how I get on, but please do not forget what I have said.

"Yours gratefully,
"A WORKING MAN."

The evening meetings in connection with some of the cocoa-rooms have not been without effect. A short time ago, the excellent manager, Mr. Peskett, referring to a visit which I had lately paid to one of them, announced that I was anxious to learn whether they were exercising a useful influence. A number of letters, received in answer to this appeal, throw light on this question. Here is one, in excellent handwriting, from one who says—and his letter bears evidence of it—that but for the intoxicating cup, he might have been in a high position in the social scale. He had heard a few judicious words spoken in the hall of the cocoa-room by an abstainer, who had once been a victim of intemperance, that induced him to try once more the temperance pledge. "Since then I have been a regular attendant at your meetings, and have not only been entertained but felt myself strengthened in my determination that by the help of God I will never more taste intoxicating drink. . . . . I consider your cocoa-rooms, apart from their connection with the temperance question, a great boon, not only to the working classes but to clerks and others with limited means; but in conjunction with your efforts to spread the cause of total abstinence, [illegible] your success will be glorious, and from my heart I wish you God speed."

Another writes—"I can safely say that the cocoa-rooms have done me all the good in the world, for I used to drink heavy, and was thoughtless of home and family, and now, thank God, I can say that I feel very happy. . . . I have seen a great deal of good done in the cocoa-rooms, and in the eight months that I have been a total abstainer I have got a great many to sign the pledge and join the Good Templars; and the best of it is, as yet, none of them has broken their pledge: and it is my advice to all who drink, to give it up at once, for it only robs the pocket, takes away the senses, and drives a man to an untimely grave. And my advice to all is to give it up at once, for since I gave it up I feel a better man than ever I felt. And I thank the cocoa-rooms for it, for they are the best thing that ever was brought in Liverpool."

One very important and blessed result of successful cocoa refreshment rooms will be to make the reduction of licensed public-houses a much easier task than it is at present. The wearisome argument that public-houses "are needed" in a district will fall to the ground if working people make it apparent that the cocoa-shop fulfils all real necessities far better than the licensed tavern. Publicans will not be so able to prove themselves martyrs when they are relegated to a non-alcoholic employment. The cry for compensation, should many licenses be withdrawn, will wax fainter and feebler. The great drink confederacy, which threatens so many disasters to the country, will be greatly lessened.—*Dr. Blaikie in Sunday Maga ine.*

I REMEMBER Mr. Wells saying that it was utterly vain to speak of the importance of abstaining to such persons when you were not abstainers yourselves. I remember being told of Miss Weston, who works among the sailors at Plymouth, that on one occasion a man came forward to take the pledge from her. He had the pen in his hand, and before putting down his name, he said to her, "be you an abstainer?" She was obliged to say that she was not. He thereupon laid down the pen, and no amount of persuasion could make him take the pledge. He could not see that a lady should teach abstinence when she was not an abstainer herself. She soon saw that she was in an awkward position, and became as she now is an abstainer. It was the same with Miss Cotton in her "Coffee-room," and Miss Robinson among the soldiers at Portsmouth. Mrs. Wightman of Shrewsbury, who began her important work nineteen years ago, was prejudiced against abstinence at first, her only aim being to bring the Gospel to bear upon the minds, and its grace upon the hearts of the people. But she found she was shut up to take the question of abstinence into consideration, and become an abstainer. All these ladies were Christian abstainers, and all who are to work like them will shortly be abstainers also.—*Dr. Joseph Brown*

THE SUDDEN DISUSE OF STIMULANTS.—The Rev. T. H. Chope writes to us from Hartland Vicarage, North Devon:—It is frequently affirmed that any sudden abstinence from alcoholic beverages in a person—much more an aged person—who has used them through life is prejudical to health. An instance has lately come under my observation of the beneficial results arising from the sudden disuse of alcoholic stimulants by a widow of 82 summers. Her usual drink through life has been gin which she changed for beer previously to reaching her 80th year. She suffered from occasional attracks of gout in her left hand and also a running footsore. Upon her reaching the age of 80—that is, two years ago—she suddenly adopted the total abstaining principle, much to the surprise and consternation of her friends who all prophised a speedy and sudden termation of her life for the want of her accustomed potations. Nothing of the kind. The toe healed, the gout vanished, and for two years she has been free from these harassing complaints and is a living monument of the good effected by the sudden adoption of a non-alcoholic *regime*. She is in her 83rd year, and frequently walks out into her son's garden or farmyard without any covering on her head. Her memory is excellent; she can repeat long prayers, and she bids fair to become a centenarian."

THE BISHOP of Manchester does not believe in the attention paid to the drink question being limited to men and to the lower classes; he finds a state of affairs existing in "society" and among women which, in his opinion, calls for attention. At a Church of England temperance conference in Liverpool on Friday, he said that fifteen or twenty years ago he should have decidedly said that what were called the upper classes were, as a rule, temperate; but at a public meeting recently held Lady Jane Ellis expressed her conviction that drinking habits were somehow or other gaining ground among those classes. And it was beginning to be said louder and louder—and he had heard it from medical men—that in numbers of houses where the mischief was not so much as suspected, there were drunken wives, and even drunken daughters. And if that was so, they had need of a dominant public opinion to put down this state of things. He was told that at balls and entertainments young ladies made no scruple whatever of taking glass after glass of iced champagne. The Bishop further declared that intemperance, directly or indirectly, was incontrovertibly one of the chief causes of insanity in Lancashire.—*Alliance News.*

THE NEW LORD provost, or mayor, of Glasgow, Mr. Collins, is a teetotaler of the sort described by a correspondent this week. The members of the Glasgow Royal Exchange have been in the habit of giving a dinner on Christmas Day to the poor, at which beer was served and at which the lord provost presided. But on the last occasion Mr. Collins refused to be present, because, he said, strong drink caused the poor most of their misery and he would not in any way countenance it. He was much abused for his scrupulosity; but, to show that he was not stingy about it, he gave a New Year's dinner at his own expense to the poor, at which nothing stronger than tea was served, with good things enough to eat, and at the end a quarter of a pound of tea was given to each poor person by another anoymous teetotaler.

IT IS suggestive to note how, when other drugs are consumed, some of them first cousins of alcohol, there is a keen perception of the evil envolved in permitting their common sale, and of making a revenue out of their circulation. Dr. Wren, writing to a medical friend concerning the "Legalised Sale of Poisons," announces with pleasure the issue of an Order in Council forbidding the indiscriminate sale of hydrate of chloral and its compounds. He complains, however of the still unrestricted sale of chlorodyne, "a drug equal in potency to laudanum" (or alcohol?) He has discovered, to his disgust, that the plea set up is that the Government are profited by the stamp duty received. This he calls "a lame apology for trifling with the health of thousands." How lame, then, must be the apology of a similar kind when the lives of tens of thousands are annually sacrificed to the Exchequer?

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

DEUT. 33: 27.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

This subject is of general importance, but it is especially so to the working classes and others having families to support on a very limited income. Having had some experience in these matters, and having the welfare of my fellow-workers at heart, I desire to say a few words on this interesting topic. The question is—My wages being small, what kind of food should I purchase for my family so as to "make the most" out of my small income? I answer, live upon what has been very properly called "the staff of life," viz., farinaceous food, such as oat, wheat, and barley meal, rice and Indian corn, also milk and cheese, and fruit and vegetables occasionally. I think I ought to state, for the benefit of young men, that in my early days wages were less than half what they are at present, and prices for the above staple articles of food were generally as high, or higher, than at present; for the obnoxious Corn laws were not removed at that time. Clothing is cheaper now, and rents higher, so I fancy the one will about balance the other. But I can assure you the rising generation that, notwithstanding the small wages of these times, the "careful" were decently clad, well-fed, strong, and healthy. It is an undoubted fact that hundreds of thousands of "sturdy chiels" and "sonsie hussies"—the backbone of our country in peace and war—were "built up" of such like material as above recommended. The celebrated Dr. E. A. Parkes, M.D., F.R.S., London, in his recent work on health, relates the following experiment, testing the nourishing properties of oatmeal poridge and milk as a perfect food for building up the human body. He says (at page 58), "I kept a strong soldier, 30 years of age, weighing 10½ stones, and working hard, on oatmeal porridge and milk alone, and found he was kept in perfect health and at a constant weight by the daily consumption of 1¾ lbs. of oatmeal and two English pints of milk. The man himself was sorry to return to his soldier's fare of bread, butter, flesh and potatoes." The oatmeal at present rates cost, say, 2d per lb., or 2¾d per day, to which add 2d or 5d for milk, according to the market where bought. You will at once perceive from this experiment how small a sum is really required to purchase food to nourish the body in the most efficient manner. The Doctor further adds, at page 19—"Formerly throughout the North of England and Scotland there were successive generations of some of the finest men in the world who lived on oatmeal and milk; and literally men would live well all their lifetime taking nothing more, except it may be occasionally fruits and green vegetables." The *Food Journal* says—"There is no more wholesome article of food that oatmeal porridge. None contains a larger proportion of flesh forming and heat-producing substances, whilst almost every one accustomed to its use finds it extremely palatable. Generally speaking, there is no better article of food for the nursery—none more likely to maintain a healthy condition of the stomach and give vigour to the frame. The quality depends much on the amount of boiling received. You can hardly boil porridge too long, they should at least be boiled not less than half-an-hour. Porridge if only imperfectly boiled, is only a coarse article of food." Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during 20 years, measured the breadth and height, also the strength, of the arms and loins of the students in the University. Of course they were of many nationalities, drawn thither by the fame of his teaching. In regard to strength and development of body, he found the Belgians lowest, the French a little higher, the English much higher. But the highest of all were the Scotch and Scoto-Irish of Ulster, who, like the Scotch, had, as the rule, one meal a day, at least of good porridge and milk. If you therefore wish your money "to go far" in providing nourishment at small cost, keep to the farinaceous foods, and in great measure discard beef, mutton, bacon, tea, and coffee. They are much higher per lb., and are very "dear materials" for building up the body. As an instant take 12 lbs. best steak, remove all the water by compression, and barely 3 lbs. of dry material will remain. True, even the human body, including the bones, say of a man 10 stone weight, if pressed flat in a hydraulic press, 7½ stone of water would run out, leaving only 2½ stones of dry residue. In my friendly advice I would say avoid alchol and tobacco in their various forms. The amount of money spent on these articles is fearful to contemplate. Were it not for the use of strong drink and tobacco, and want of economy of food and dress, tens of thousands of my fellow-workers might, at the age of 50 or 60 years, live independent of work. Let me give an example of a spendthrift habit as a warning to the young. I am sorry, very sorry to say, they are too common. J. C. is a young unmarried man—in full employment last season at 10d per hour. He lost his job about New Year, and not 1s in his pocket, and though such was the case, he actually borrowed money to buy a bottle of whiskey to go first-footing. Why, such a man, according to Dr. Parkes' calculation, should have been saving for old age between 30s and £2 per week. A few days ago I met T. H. He had been earning upwards of £3 per week this season, and plenty of work if he could only keep from drink. He was out of a job—going on the tramp—had nothing in his pocket, and begged of me to "give him a copper." I helped the poor fellow but took occasion, as he was sober, to lecture him on his reckless and sinful habit. Poor fellow! I am afraid the appetite for alcohol is formed; and it is not an easy matter to snap the chain of habit asunder. How important to avoid the beginning of evil! I am firmly of opinion that "the race," both in town and country, is in many cases gradually becoming degenerate. This I ascribe to the enormous amount of alcoholic liquors and tobacco consumed, and also to the excessive use of tea and coffee all meals of the day. Even mere children are now frequently subject to stomach complaints, and as a result, their teeth decay very early; this in turn reacts upon the stomach, for good mastication is the first stage of digestion. Formerly our cities were recruited with good fresh blood from the country; many of them excellent specimens of humanity, and not a few of them from their early days acquired "thrifty habits," and by force of character rose above the ranks of their fellows and became the "merchant princes" of their day. I am sorry to trace, in too many cases, a decided falling off in the stamina now supplied. How can it be otherwise? "dribbles" of tea and coffee, and fine loaf bread twice or thrice daily are not the materials for building up children, either in country or town, into strong, healthy men and women. To conclude, let us fall back in great measure on the food of our forefathers, when stalwart ploughmen, 6ft. 2in. "in their stocking soles," were well sustained on good porridge and milk, oatcakes, and barley bannocks!—*Sandy, in North British Mail.*

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

In an ancient but rather decrepit-looking mansion of historic suggestiveness, a few miles out of Boston, lives one of those reformers whose mission it is to help the world obscurely in some of its largest strides—unrecognized and unrewarded while at their patient work, but certain of grateful remembrance after they are gone. This particular reformer is Mr. Joseph Bird, now gray with years and feeble under wasting disease; whose life has been devoted with the enthusiasm of genius to the study of a single form of public danger and to the exposition of a sufficient safeguard against it.

Joseph Bird is not the inventor of any patent "fire extinguisher," nor does he own a controlling interest in any of our great manufactories of steam fire-engines. He is simply a plain old man, who has eyes to see what so many others overlook, and sense to realize what almost everybody is indifferent to, and public spirit to insist upon what most of us are too busy to think of. His ideas cost nothing; no royalty is exacted upon his system; it is freely offered; and this is the sum and substance of it:

The common system for subduing fires is based on a philosophy which allows the fire to gain strength and entrench itself before it can be attacked. The improved system for subduing fires is based upon a philosophy which will provide for attacking the fire before it can gain strength and entrench itself.

The philosophy is simply this: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Our pound of cure is the great, splendid, ponderous steam fire-engine, the unit of organization with the modern fire department; the ounce of cure is an effective hand apparatus, suitable to be kept, ready for instant use, in every building, public and private, and capable of being put to service in smothering the first breath of a conflagration by anybody, man, woman, or child.

"All fires in wooden buildings," says Mr. Bird, "or in those of brick or stone in which is stored ordinary merchandise, double their proportions every minute; and if in high winds, or if they contain inflammable merchandise, they quadruple every minute." The average time of getting water upon a fire by means of ordinary public fire apparatus is found to be fifteen minutes from the time of discovery. From this the comparative chances of extinguishing a fire in the first, or second, or third minute, and in the fifteenth or sixteenth minute, can easily be calculated.

Mr. Bird would not do away with present public fire apparatus, but would supplement it, or rather anticipate it, by a private and portable apparatus, with which every building should be provided, and to the handling of which every person should be trained. Such an apparatus is found in the Johnson pump,—which however is only one of several varieties, all, perhaps, equally good,—consisting simply of a small hand force pump, provided with a short rubber hose and brass nozzle, and a common water-pail, reserved sacredly to this purpose, and allowed to no other, so as to be always ready. Experiment has proved over and over again that the simple apparatus, charged with a single pailful of common water, is altogether as effective in putting out a fire as any of the elaborate and costly chemical fire extinguishers. The writer of this article has seen Mr. Bird himself, armed only with one of these homely little hand-engines, extinguish in less than one minute a burning building as large as a common-sized room.—*Christian Union.*

A Hint for Photographers.—An English physician, Dr. Thomas Buzzard, who was recently undergoing the usual ordeal in a photographer's gallery, conceived the idea of suggesting some arrangment for relieving the eyes during the time it was necessary to keep them fixed upon a given object. In his own case he found that staring at a certain spot caused his vision to become indistinct, and surrounding objects became lost as in a thickening mist, whilst as the sitting was prolonged, a feeling of giddiness and even faintness was experienced. The plan he suggested was to draw upon a piece of card, about four inches in diameter, a clock-face, and add the usual Roman figures. This card was fixed about 8 feet distant, and when the sitting began he fixed his eyes upon the figure XII., then upon I., II., III., and so on all around the clock, shifting his gaze leisurely from one figure to the other. The result was the sitting ended without any sense of strain, and he seemed to have sat without an effort. It is is evident this plan will prevent the staring expression so objectionable to most photographs. Various modifications can be made, and words and pictures employed. For children a disc with a single aperture towards its edge, might be made to revolve in the direction of the hands of a clock.—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

A writer in *Scribner's Magazine* says: "The use of hard or anthracite coal in stoves or ranges for domestic purposes is essentially wasteful and expensive, because the full heating value is not utilized. An ordinary grate gives only three per cent. of the heating capacity of the coal consumed in it. Coal as a fuel is not sufficiently under control to be economized. The cost of coal is...next to...the...form of expression to say that coal burns. Practically it does not burn—it merely supplies gas, and the gas alone gives the flame, light and heat. In starting a coal fire, paper or other light material is burned (or its gas), and this heat compels the kindling-wood to give up its gas, that escapes in singing jets, and this burning gas forces the coal to give up its gas in turn, and this burning coal gas makes our fire. The process of breaking the gas out of the coal proceeds through each lump from the outside toward the interior, and the stony and useless matter that forms the bulk of the coal, and that makes the ashes resist the process, and absorbs and wastes the heat of the burning gas. Besides this the gas is accompanied by other non-burning gases, and these rob the flame of its heat, check the combustion, and carry away unburned, up the chimney, much of the valuable gas.—*The Methodist.*

Ice-Water.—The custom of taking ice-water or other very cold drinks or food, as ice-cream, etc., cannot but prove unfavorable to the health, especially when one has low vital power, with insufficient power of the stomach to react, and restore the degree of heat actually demanded that digestion may proceed naturally. Digestion is arrested as soon as the temperature of the stomach falls below about 90° Fahr., and when cold drinks are taken by the weak, at least, some considerable time must elapse before it is restored; in some instances hours, attended by great waste of power and a derangement of the stomach. Cold drinks also excite and inflame the throat, causing an artificial thirst—never satisfied by such drinks, to say nothing of the danger of contracting colds by this unnatural chilling of the stomach, often followed by bowel derangments, inflamation of the stomach, and by still worse ailments.—*Watchman.*

To Keep Nails From Rusting.—Heat a quantity of them on a shovel, and throw them, while quite hot, into a vessel of coarse oil or melted grease. The nails should not be so hot that the grease will be made to smoke freely. Cut nails prepared in this manner are improved in every respect. They are rendered tougher, and they will outlast any kind of wood, even though buried in the ground; while unprepared nails are completely destroyed by rust in a very short time.

DOMESTIC.

To Broil Sweetbreads.—Soak an hour in salt and water. Drain. Parboil, then rub well in butter, and broil. Turn often, and each time they are turned roll them in a plate of hot melted butter, so they need not become hard and dried.

Graham Gems.—Stir in one cup of milk to one even cup of flour; no thicker, or they will be tough and heavy. Butter the gem irons, and have both gem irons and oven quite hot. Stir free from all lumps before putting into the oven. If these directions are followed the gems will eb very sweet and light.

Sweet Breakfast Muffins.—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one quart of flour; add one cup of sugar; rub into the flour a piede of butter the size of an egg, then stir in one pint of milk. Beat free from lumps to a smooth batter. Bake in muffin rings on the top of the stove or in gem irons in the oven.

Mint Sauce.—Pick over and wash clean fresh, green mint; chop it fine, and put to two tablespoonfuls of the mint two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a teacup and a half (scant measure) of cold vinegar. Let it stand for half an hour or more in a cool place, to have the vinegar well flavored with the mint. It injures the flavor to make it with hot liquid.

Cheese Omelette.—Butter the sides of a deep dish and cover with thin slices of rich cheese. Lay over the cheese thin slices of well-buttered bread, first covering the cheese with a little red pepper and mustard; then another layer of cheese. Beat the yolk of an egg in a cup of cream—milk will do—and pour over the dish, and put at once into the oven. Bake till nicely brown. Serve hot, or it will be tough, hard and worthless.

Egg Omelette.—Four eggs put into a bowl with one tablespoonful of sweet cream, beaten slightly together; put into a frying pan a piece of butter the size of an egg, when the butter begins to brown pour the omelette into the pan, letting it remain quiet until the edges begin to brown, then with a thin case-knife turn half over and let it remain until sufficiently well done. It may be seasoned to taste with salt, pepper, sage, or parsley powdered very fine.

Politeness in Children.—Do not permit Susy or Jennie, unreproved, to bother or tease or annoy Bridget in the kitchen. Never let them allude to her as the "servant-girl," or speak of "servant-girls," in her presence. The phrase may define her position, but she does not jump to pick up your own thimble which has rolled away when Charlie is in the room. Let him bring it to you and say "Thank you" to him for the kindness. Do not encourage in yourself the habit of criticising and commenting upon the foibles or faults of any member of your own family. There is nothing gained by it, and a great deal is lost. Love itself is often choked back and hindered in its growth by the rank sturdiness of weeds which spring up against it, unchecked, in houses where people say all manner of ungentle speeches to each other. If you want to cultivate real happiness, cultivate goodness. Think more of others' excellent qualities than of their failings, and be gentle and amiable to all.—*Christian at Work.*

Housekeeping Hints.—The battle against those little pests, the moths, will not be successfully waged in any household, unless in company with spring cleaning there is a thorough overhauling of every roll and bag of pieces in every drawer, closet and attic corner where they can make themselves at home. Here, as everywhere, prevention is better than cure; for when once a house becomes infested with these insects, they are as defiant as any winged and crawling creatures can well be. At this busy season to the housewife, carpets must be taken up and shaken, beds well beaten, and bedsteads washed with strong brine to destroy all insects, etc. Tea leaves, after using, if saved for a week or so, steep in a bucket or pan of water for half an hour, strain through a sieve, and use the tea or tea water to wash all varnished paint. It requires very little rubbing, as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from its impurities and making the varnish shine again; it also cleanses window sashes and oil cloths,—indeed, any varnished surface is improved by its application. It washes window panes and mirrors much better than soap or water, and is excellent for cleaning black walnut picture and looking-glass frames. It will not do to wash unvarnished paints with it. Whiting is unequalled for cleansing white paint. Take a small quantity of whiting on a damp flannel, rub lightly over the surface, and the effect will be surprising. Wall papers are readily cleansed by tying a soft cloth over a broom and sweeping down the walls carefully, then follow with a light rubbing of stale bread.—*Watchman.*

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS OF ANTICOSTI.

By Mrs. Battersby.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

(From Kind Words.)

(CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*)

Perhaps the most miserable state to which a person whose life is in imminent peril can be reduced is that of inaction, and as Donald crouched at the bottom of his boat he felt this bitterly. The faces of those he had left behind seemed to haunt him as he thought of the possibiilty that he might never see them again. His mother's wan cheeks as she watched in vain for her boy, his father's mournful brow, Effie's misery, and poor little Norna's sobs were all pictured before him, and for a short time he was utterly overcome.

But Donald was a true Christian, ready to leave his fate in a Father's hand, and he roused himself from his dejected position, ate the bannock which Effie had given him, and looked about for some vessel to bale out the boat, as waves constantly broke over it. His search was in vain. At last he thought of his fur-skin cap, and trying his handkerchief over his head, he found to his relief that the cap would hold water. Hour after hour was spent in this employment while the boat rocked, helplessly to his danger Donald discovered that some of the planks over the usual water-line were leaking. At last, just before nightfall, Donald made one more effort to bale out his boat, and then, completely exhausted and faint with hunger and exertion, he turned his cap inside out, replaced it upon his head, and lay down, leaning against a thwart, as he thought to rest, but in reality to fall into a heavy slumber, his boat still drifting onwards with wind and tide, the storm having somewhat abated. He was awakened by voices, and to his utter amazement he beheld a handsome girl and equally handsome elderly man chafing his limbs at some distance from a fire. For a moment he thought he was at home, but a strange voice in a rich Irish brogue addressing the girl with "He's coming to, alanna, no fear of him now, I seen his eyes open that time," coupled with a direction to "put a drop of spirits and water to his lips," undeceived him. Donald swallowed the cordial with some difficulty, and Mary, kneeling at his side, while Rosie held the glass, fed him with teaspoonfuls of the contents, while the elderly man continued to rub the limbs of the sufferer. After some time he was able to answer a few of the eager inquiries of his new friends; not before, however, kind O'Bryan had wrapped him up carefully in his own bed in the corner of the kitchen.

When part of his tale was told he heartily responded to his hosts, ejaculation, "The Lord be praised for all His mercies; it's a narrow escape you've had from death, young man." Donald in his turn questioned his preservers, but O'Bryan fearing that excitement in his weak state might produce fever, imposed silence, and after a slight supper of hot tea and toast had been disposed of, the grateful young man again fell asleep.

On the morrow, though Donald felt stiff and sore all over and had evidently caught cold, he did not soem much the worse of his adventure. O'Bryan kept him in bed and began his promised tale.

COMING TO.

"Well ye see, the storm came up mighty suddint afore we seen it, an' we hadn't time to look afther everything, and at night Mary's goat, that the captain himself had brought her, the craythur was missin', an' the girleen had made a great pet of it. 'Sure it's carried over the rocks be this time father,' she says; and says I, 'Make yer mind easy, acushla, an' as soon as there's a speck of light I'll go look for it. It isn't a January night; even if it was, a cowld storm wouldn't kill a goat, and its sheltherin' herself in the hollow she is.' So I waited till dawn, an' nothin' would serve Mary and Barney but they must come too; so we left Pat and Rosheen aslape, and wint off, callin' the craythur as we wint. At last, Mary says, 'Father, I hear a bleat,' and we followed the sound till we kem in sight of the little cove, and Barney called out, 'Arrah, father, whet's that?" and didn't we see a little boat stuck fast on the shore, and nothin' but a bear in it as well as we could make out. Mary was frightened; but Barney says, 'Bear, or no bear, I'll go see'—and away he wint, and in a minute he threw up his arms and gave a whistle for us, and there ye were, wid the boat full of say wather, an, not a dhry stitch on ye, and yer face so white we thought ye were dead till Barney said he could feel your heart bate. But it's sound aslape ye were, for ye niver felt us till we carried ye up to the house, and Barney ran back to bring the goat; she must have been knocked down be the wind, for her leg was broke. The craythur, there she is, and he pointed to a beautiful animal lying upon some pine branches in a corner of the kitchen, to which Mary was administering a breakfast of Indian corn.

Donald thanked his preservers very heartily, and then O'Bryan said, "I'll tell ye what ye'll do, me lad; jist stay here quietly wid us till yer fit for the journey, and Barney shall go wid ye, every fut of the way home: and when the provisions is come, he can get back along wid thecrew, for it stops wid ye first, and then comes on to us, and Barney'll have a few weeks' change, which'll do him good," he added, looking affectionately at his son; "he hasn't been the same since his mother died, poor fellow." Donald was much touched by such kindness, and reluctantly admitted that he must regain some strength before he attempted his homeward journey. Under Providence, his warm bearskins had saved his life; but he was exceedingly weak, and for the first few days could only sit beside the kitchen fire, and watch Mary and little Rosie cooking the irregular meals in a most irregular manner. Donald's Scotch mother made him very "notionable," and the lad was an excellent cook. Much to the good-tempered Mary's amusement, he would offer to help her, and she would find a delicious oaten cake baked upon an extemporised griddle, or a basin of nourishing broth provided from the "scraps of bones" of hares or wild fowl she had intended to throw away. Bernard at first thought a young man who would undertake such woman's work must be a noddle; but after a few days he altered his ideas when he saw how thoroughly manly and brave was Donald's real character. Every night, at O'Bryan's request, Donald would read a chapter from the Bible, and sing them one of the beautiful old Scotch hymns before kneeling in prayer to ask for a blessing upon their household and his own. O'Bryan said "it did his heart good to hear him."

CHAPTER II.

After their day's work, when assembled round the fire in the "gloamin'," O'Bryan used to tell marvellous tales of his own country to amuse his guest, who enjoyed the Irishman's description of the "grand ould castle that he lived unther in his youth, were he was foster brother to the young masther, an' a rale banshee used to sit and keen for any of the family who were about to die;" and of the hunters and racers and grand doings, "till themselves was broke out an out: when the hard times came, and the castle was sold to a tradesman, who thought he'd make a gintleman of himself becase he'd money; but sure he found the differ whin nobody would lift their hat to him. But the rale family was scattered," and O'Bryan and his wife and children emigrated to Canada, where having obtained the confidence of their employers, they were offered the charge of a lighthouse at Anticosti, with sucy good pay that they thought theh ought to accept it. "But," added the poor man, "it was a bad day for the wife and three of the childer, for one after another they wasted an' died; an' only I see Mary, an' Barney, an' Pat, an' Rosheen as sthrong an' healthy as the rest was delicate, I'd give up the post this minute." Donald, in his turn, would describe the beautiful Highland lochs and mountains which he well remembered, where the clan had lived so long, faithfully serving their God, and their chieftains, till troublous times came, and they were also forced to emigrate and follow their father's fortunes

to Canada, where he was then serving in the —— regiment. Mary would listen with delight to Donald's account of his fair blue-eyed sisters and clever managing mother, till she became convinced it was "a wonderful family they were, every one of them." Donald told them one evening of a discovery made by his father before they left Scotland of an otter speckled with white, and of their neighbors' dread lest any one should kill it, as they believed it was an "otter king," and that it bore a charmed life; and if any one destroyed it at the moment of its death some human being or valuable animal would also expire; but an English naturalist heard of the creature and would not believe them, and watched for it day after day in spite of their entreaties, and finally shot the king of the otters. And when he returned to his lodgings, carring the "beastie" upon his back (for none of the neighbours would help him), the first tidings which met his ears were that his favorite horse, a splendid Arab, had died during his absence; and surely the naturalist was demented, for he only gave a groan after his horse, and then comforted himself by sitting down and skinning the otter, saying "After all. I can buy another horse, but I might never again get the chance of a spotted otter." And Donald's father told him, if the gentleman had left the creature behind him after he shot it, the skin would have been cut to pieces by the natives, who believe, if worn as a charm round the neck, it will perserve them from wounds, and infection, and perils of the sea.*

O'Bryan amused his hearers one evening by an account of a seal hunt, in which he and a soldier friend had once been engaged. One of these animals had been caught sight of, basking in the sun upon a rock, and with a good boat and plenty of ammunition they determined, if possible, to secure it. But an enemy was before them. Long ere they were within shooting range, a Polar bear had marked it for his prey, and both creatures were so deeply engaged, one in attempting a seizure, the other an escape, that the boat was allowed to come within a short distance of the scene. The bear had taken to the water, and swam to leeward of the seal, from whence by short dives he silently approached him, and so arranged his distance that at the last dive he came to the spot where the seal was lying. The poor animal seemed paralysed, his usual resource of rolling into the water would only have placed him in the jaws of his enemy, and he lay perfectly still till the bear, with one powerful spring, seized upon his victim, and was seen quietly devouring

*Captain Lyon,

his prey;* but a shot from a large heavily-loaded gun literally blew off Bruin's head, and O'Bryan and his companion returned in triumph, carrying with them the partially-eaten seal and the headless Polar bear.

One morning, before Donald was able for much exertion, the two young men set off to a short distance, in order to obtain some hares or wild-fowl to replenish the larder, and Donald was especially anxious to secure the former, as he had promised to initiate Mary into the mysteries of "jugged hare," after his mother's recipe, the girl's usual plan being to roast the animal, a process which generally ended in trying the masticatory powers of the establishment. They passed by a small piece of cultivated ground, in which barley, flax, and potatoes were growing unhealthily; but saxifrages and crowfoot lighted up the rocky slopes, and exquisite mosses and lichens abounded everywhere, while the shallow shore of Heath Point made the scene appear a striking contrast to the rocky cliffs of the northern part of the island.

Upon reaching a small grove of dwarf birch at some short distance from the lighthouse, the two young hunters entered a sort of shelter, which had been set up by Bernard for the purpose. He had dug out a hole to a depth which would allow only his head and shoulders to be seen above the surface of the ground, and dwarf birch at the back and both sides formed a complete screen, except in front, where a temporary bush sufficed, after the hunter had entered his hole; for some distance in front of the "shade" the birch shrubs (for they were not much larger) had been cut down and carried away, so as to leave a flat surface, which was a favorite haunt of hares, and no portion of the cleared space was beyond the reach of Bernard's trusty rifle.

Donald admired the ingenuity of his friend's plan as he crouched beside him. They had not long to wait: very soon a leveret appeared, but moving in a frightened and uncertain manner. Donald was about to fire, but Bernard whispered, "Wait!" and presently a small, lithe animal came in sight, hunting the leveret like a hound, with its nose almost touching the ground. Round and round the cleared space ran the bewildered and terrified hare, and closer and closer approached his enemy, gaining upon the leveret every time he stopped and rose up to look about him. In a few moments the marten sprang upon its neck, and a shot from Bernard's rifle stretched both animals upon the ground. The destroyer was a handsome creature, having all the usual features of the weasel tribe; but Donald, who was a keen observer, remarked its shorter tail and fuller fur, differing from any

*'Animated Nature.'

he had before seen; and Barney told him his father had trapped another and declared it to be an American pine marten, adding, "It will spit at you like a cat if you meet it when hunting. And my father told me one day a pair of the brutes sprang at him, and he had great trouble to beat them off, for he'd only a shillelagh with him. They do a dale of mischief in the wood, for they kill the young leverets, an, that's the raison I tould ye to wait, for I wanted to bag him too."

Barney then told Donald to rest where he was, whilst he made a circuit; beating the shrubs, he succeeded in starting several hares from the birches, getting a shot at one himself and giving Donald an opportunity to kill another. Before they left the wood they also procured two good sized leverets, so that they returned quite satisfied with their sport, Donald promising a dinner worth eating on the morrow.

Upon their arrival at the lighthouse, Mary and Rosie set to work, and in a short time four bodies, minus skins, heads, and feet, were lying in a can of water; these were carefully dissected into small pieces by Donald, who, much to the amusement of the others, borrowed one of Mary's aprons, set a paper bag conveniently, formed of a sugar bag, upon his head, and proceeded to work scientifically. He now demanded a large jug, ordered Rosie to peel an onion and stick some cloves in it, sent Mary for some pepper and allspice, regretting the absence of sweet herbs for his concoction, and, having satisfactorily arranged his pieces in the jug, with the onion in the centre and spices scattered over all, he poured in a cupful of water, covered his jug with a piece of bladder, and put it for three or four hours in a potful of boiling water. His assistants offered to try how they liked his dish as it was taken out, but this he would not allow. Before dinner-time next day the savoury broth was poured off into a saucepan, thickened with some barley, and the pieces of meat being returned to it, the dish was sent up to table "piping hot," and pronounced such a success that all the family applauded, and Mary's bright eyes beamed approbation upon her talented instructor!

Next day but one the travelers were to begin their homeward route, and, short as Donald's visit had been, he had become warmly attached to his hospitable entertainers. There was also another bond of union besides gratitude, as O'Bryan and his family, though not very enlightened, were very serious Christians. During their stay in Canada they had been frequently reproved by Roman Catholic priests for persisting in reading the Bible, and "freedom to worship God" according to the teaching of its pages had been a principal inducement for their settling upon the desolate coast of Anticosti. The discovery of fellow Christians upon the island had been a joyful surprise to all. Donald found the O'Bryans well versed in Scripture, and the comments modestly given by the young man—"My father thinks," or "My mother has told me"—upon difficult passages were thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

The last day was spent in cleaning fire-arms, looking out supplies of shot and powder, and baking a supply of bannocks for the journey, and the evening ended with a hearty prayer from O'Bryan for the young men's safety.

Next morning proving calm and bright, they set forth, each carrying a gun, shot-belt, and powder-flask, and a strong canvas bag with provisions. All the young people gathered at the door to say "good-bye." It was a true "God be with you," and Donald did not think less of his young companion because he saw his eyes were full of tears; his own were not dry, though he longed by his presence to relieve the anxiety of his family.

CHAPTER III.

THE first few miles of their journey were very silent; they were gradually ascending, and fearing to tire Donald, O'Bryan frequently halted, and at nightfall contrived a shelter at the side of a rock, by stretching long "sods" of moss across birch bushes at the windy side of their extemporised sleeping place. The lads, however, notwithstanding their fur coats, which they had carried with them, felt the cold pretty severely, and after an uneasy night pushed on at daybreak.

"We'll be betther off to-night, Donald," said Barney; "there's a good sthrip of forest we must pass through for the next day or two. Father says the middle of the island is all covered wid it, for he wint out wid an exploration party one time, and it's a belt that sthretches out towards the say line we'll have to cross."

"Hoo will ye ken yer way, Barney?"

"Wid this nate little pocket companion," replied Barney, exhibiting a small compass to his friend. Before entering the pine forest, which they saw at some distance, they sat down to their midday meal, and Barney proposed that they should shoot some of the numerous curlews or plovers which were whistling overhead, for their supper. On aproaching the forest, Barney began to imitate the cries of the birds, and soon succeeded in bringing flocks within reach of their guns, and several plovers and curlews fell at the first discharge.

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man, whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back, a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downward, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.
—*R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner's Monthly.*

THAT LIBRARY IN THE HOLLOW OAK.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"There comes Honest Sam! Honest Sam is coming," shouted the children in front of the Topliff district schoolhouse one dewy June morning, as an old, humped-back man, with a coarse, repulsive face and a patch over one eye, came slowly limping along up the Daleville road, bending under the burden of two large tin trunks which were fastened to a strap that crossed his protruding shoulders.

The children threw down their bats and balls and ran to meet him, all but a half-dozen or more of the older boys, who gathered quickly in a knot at the corner of the schoolhouse, and as the old peddler passed made rapid signs with their fingers at him. He in turn nodded back at the boys, but kept plodding on in his moderate gait.

The boys thus indicated all giggled at that and exchanged significant glances and poked each other's ribs as the bell rang, and they all rushed helter-skelter for the schoolroom-door.

It took but a minute or two for the twenty-five scholars to settle down quietly in their seats with folded arms, while the pretty little rosy-cheeked teacher, Miss Littlefield, drew from her desk her red morocco-covered Bible and made ready to read from it. As she was turning the leaves slowly, thinking she would select a chapter wherein might be contained some passage appropriate for the basis of a little homily of her own that she proposed to add for the benefit of the boys whose disrespectful demeanor towards the lame old pedler had attracted her notice, little Maggie Russell raised her hand and, as the teacher nodded pleasantly, said,

"Please Miss Littlefield, Katie Dixon is a crying."

"What is it, Katie?" asked the teacher. "Come here and tell me what troubles you."

So, with one arm up over her eyes, Katie felt her way with the other along the aisle to the teacher's desk.

"I've lost my pretty, new, slim little red pencil, I have," sobbed Katie.

Miss Littlefield's face flushed a trifle and she cast a sharp, quick look over the schoolroom. The scholars were all in order except Jasper Marshall, who at that moment deftly passed his right hand down along his left coat-sleeve and immediately folded his arms again.

"Sit down here by me and be quiet now, Katie," said the teacher, "and after the morning exercises are over your pencil shall be found."

Jasper Marshall and Thomas Dale exchanged quick glances, and Walter Freeman hitched a little on his seat.

"They can't all have the pencil," thought the little teacher, "but these boys seem to be very uneasy from some cause."

She dismissed the annoying subject from her mind now, and for the morning Bible lesson read about the rich man and Lazarus. The scholars then recited the twenty-third Psalm in concert, and teacher and pupils joined in the Lord's Prayer. Then followed the brief talk about the respectful and considerate treatment the poor, the old, and the crippled should always receive. A hymn was then sung, after which the roll was called.

Now, instead of the usual order, "Attend to lessons," Miss Littlefield said, pleasantly but firmly,

"Before we proceed further this morning, Katie's pencil must be found. Where did you lose it, Katie?"

"I laid it on my desk when I went back to the anteroom to get my eraser out of my dinner-basket," and Katie began to cry again.

"I am sure no one has left the room since," said the teacher, "and as the pencil hasn't wings and could not leave the desk without hands, it must be somewhere in the room. Every day this term, so far, there have been missing pencils, pens, erasers, pen-holders, and paper. This business must be stopped here and now. Each scholar will now hold up the pencil or pencils in his or her possession, and we will see whether Katie can identify her property."

The pencil was not shown.

"I will give the one who has Katie's pencil three minutes' time to return it," said Miss Littlefield with kindling eyes. "If it is not produced before that time expires each scholar will be searched." And she drew out her watch.

How awful were those minutes as they ticked away in the now utter silence of that small schoolroom, the resolute little teacher meanwhile standing in front of the scholars holding up her watch.

"Jasper Marshall, you may come forward first, if you please. Katie, you may go and look carefully in his desk and see if your pencil is there, and so in the other desks as the scholars shall come forward."

This was an unexpected summons to Jasper. He was the oldest boy in the school, a good and generally dutiful scholar, and from a leading family in the village. He obeyed the order with a little reluctance at first, however, saying respectfully, but with an assumption of dignity, as he approached the teacher, "I hope you do not take me for a thief, Miss Littlefield."

"I take none of my scholars for anything but honest boys and girls," she replied; "but if there should be a thief among us we ought, for our own protection, to know it."

"Certainly," said Jasper, politely, proceeding to turn his pockets inside out, three outside and one inside coat-pockets, two vest-pockets, and two pants-pockets.

"Perhaps you would like to have me take off my boots and stockings," said Jasper a little ironically now.

"Yes, if you please," replied Miss Littlefield calmly. "We will make sure work as we go on."

This looked so much like business that the scholars began to be frightened. But the pencil was not there.

"Only a moment more, Jasper. I think there is a hip-pocket in your pants, what you boys are fond of calling a 'pistol-pocket.' I called on your mother when she was making and inserting one for you. She told me you wanted it to carry your Fourth of July crackers and torpedoes in."

Jasper turned pale, and the big boys all fidgeted in their seats as Miss Littlefield proceeded to extract from the pocket indicated, not the missing pencil, but a small, compact, square volume with highly illuminated covers, its title shining out in white from a scarlet ground, *The Thieves' Own Book*.

Miss Littlefield caught her breath, but she put the book into her desk. Then returning to Jasper she quickly passed her small white hand along down the right sleeve of Jasper's coat.

"What is this?" she asked. "I think I understand now, Jasper, the secret of this little rent in your sleeve. I have often wondered why you, so neat and particular a boy as you are in most respects, did not have it mended."

It did not require much skill for the teacher to push the slender, six-sided pencil, which had been concealed between the lining and the outer fabric of the sleeve, out through the little aperture where the whole school could see it. A little buzz of commotion went round the room.

"O teacher, that's my pencil," cried Katie. "Don't it say 'Dixon' on the end?"

"Yes," Miss Littlefield replies. "This is without doubt your missing pencil. Now you, John, and Thomas, and Henry, and William, and George, and Richard, may all come forward. Your anxious faces and knowing glances while Jasper was being searched have not been lost upon me. Have you been surreptitiously bringing bad books into school?"

The six boys were fairly awed by the blazing eyes of their teacher into emptying the contents of their "hip" pockets upon the platform. They each had one or more objectionable story books, or copies of what purported to be periodicals for young people, with their coarse and flaming pictures and sensational titles.

"Are there any more of my scholars who have or read these books and papers?"

"No, mum," came from all parts of the room.

"Very well, the school with the exception of these seven boys, may now take a general recess."

The scholars popped out with white scared faces, and the door was shut.

"Now, boys, tell me all about it," said Miss Littlefield kindly; "it is the best thing you can do. You are standing on dangerous ground. You are so young! And yet you are past the time when scolding or feruling will benefit you. The reform-schools, the school-ships, and even the jails and state prisons, are staring you in the face. You must make a clean breast of the whole matter to me, your teacher and friend, and I will help you to begin all over again."

The boys were all crying before she had ceased speaking. Only Jasper found voice to say:

"You see, Miss Littlefield, it has all come about through Honest Sam, whom you and everybody pity so much and are so deceived about. He most always stays over night at Mr. Johnson's. Aleck Jones works there, and he got us into it by asking us boys up there to hear Sam tell stories. Everybody thinks that he's such a good old man that our folks never object to our going. He told us things to make us laugh at first, and then he began to tell us about boys running away and making lots of money, and about thieves, and robbers, and pirates, and highwaymen. After we got real interested he said he knew ever so many such boys and men that most folks supposed were honest people.

"He said we boys could organize into a band of 'money-makers,' and he would peddle for us the things we got. He told us he would after a while sell us some counterfeit money, and being away up here in the country so, no one would ever find us out, and we would all get rich and never be obliged to do a chore of work in our lives. Pretty soon he began to bring us these books and papers. We keep them in a box in that old hollow oak out there in the pasture. But to-day we had some of them with us, for we wanted to exchange them when he came along for others. There is a heap of brush at the foot of the tree and no one but us boys would think of creeping in behind it to get at the cubby-hole near the roots of the old tree.

"We pick up all the little things we can, and Honest Sam pays us for them in his books and papers. These story-papers for boys tell us all about the big cities and the Western country, about boys running away, and how real smart the thieves and robbers and highwaymen are, and how brave they are in helping out of danger the women and girls they know. The books are like the papers a good deal, only the stories are longer and make us real interested. That book you took away from me we haven't had a great while, but that tells us how to get things in stores, and how to hide things in our clothes. It tells about tools to pick locks with, and trunks and drawers—files and things. This morning he made signs to us that he had some with him, and when you thought we were making fun of him we were making signs too that we wanted some more papers."

"We don't have anything to read," whimpered Thomas, "and his papers are better than nothing."

"We will see about that," said the teacher, with a half-pleased, half-determined look taking the place of the sadness that had covered her face; "take your seats now."

She rang the bell, and the children came very quietly in, wondering what their teacher had done to make those boys cry so.

Nothing more was said about the affair at that time, and soon the school was busy over lessons, and everything went on just as usual.

At noon, Miss Littlefield ran up to Mr. Marshall's, and that evening committee, parents, and teacher, met in the schoolroom. The latter briefly and tersely related the events of the morning, and then took the books and papers that had been taken from the boys pockets from her desk. As she did so, Mrs. Marshall, Jasper's mother, came forward with several volumes and a large bundle of the same kind of "literature" in her white cambric apron.

"Here they are every one of them," said she, "Honest Sam left most of them in that tree this morning. "Let's make a fire here in the stove and burn them up; t'will be some satisfaction."

"And I wish, my soul, Honest Sam could have just a feel of the fire along with them," said Mrs. Dale, as her husband handing her a match, she set fire to the bath of vile publications.

"Let us blame ourselves that we were so heedless about our boys' associates," said Mr. Loomis, the committee; "although as far as the old pedler is concerned we have it to say that we all thought him to be a harmless though unfortunate fellow-creature."

As the indignant, grieved, and astonished parents gathered about the brave little teacher, thanking her for the tact and firmness she had shown in her dealing with the misguided lads, she took occasion, in her own gentle and sweet way, to say that she had been surprised at the scarcity of good reading-matter in the district. "I have seen," she continued "several thrashy, sensational periodicals, besides your little local paper, in some of the families; but if there is a high toned youth's publication or a single religious newspaper in the district I have yet to know it."

"There is not one," said Mrs. Dale, promptly, "and I, for one, am ashamed of it."

"I move," said Mrs. Marshall, "that each of us, on the spot, subscribe for some decent paper or magazine, for ourselves and our children. Miss Littlefield here knows what we want, and will recommend the right ones."

She mentioned various religious papers and juvenile publications, and soon the goodly list of subscriptions was made out.

They were sent on, and the following week the periodicals came to hand. These seven boys were looked after pretty sharply for a time by their parents, and after a year of Miss Littlefield's noble ministry in the district as teacher, counsellor, and friend, the scars from this pestilence which walketh at noonday, that had fastened its deadly fangs upon their tender, vulnerable minds, had become somewhat effaced.

Honest Sam suddenly disappeared from the village, and both he and that noxious Hollow-oak Library are only called to mind with merited loathing.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ALMOST TOO LATE.

Lord Harford had some good ideas. When he improved his estate he did not think only of his own comforts, but had all sorts of comfortable little houses built for the people in his employment. The accomodation over the stables was somewhat limited, so when Robert Sexton and his wife came to Woodlands, they had a comfortable little house given to them in a somewhat retired part of the park, not much more than three minutes' walk from the stables; for Robert, though quite a young man, was Lord Harford's coachman.

Mrs. Sexton, Robert's young wife, was greatly pleased with her little house, built in imitation of a Swiss cottage, though it had only four rooms. Many a workman and his wife in our large towns have to commence their married life in but one room.

The children came—two darlings: and God who gave them took them soon away again. Polly died in infancy; and there was something very sad about little Bobby's death. When six years old he was taken suddenly ill, and in the evening his father, who had to fetch his master from a distance in the night, told his wife to fetch a doctor. Mrs. Sexton was a dreadful woman for putting things off. She thought little Bobby looked better; she did not think it was a case for alarm; and as it was a wet night, if a doctor must be had it would be time enough to get one in the morning.

The coachman returned at six in the morning and found little Bobby much worse. Tired as he was, Mr. Sexton at once went for the doctor, who, when he saw the little fellow said,

"Why was I not sent for before?"

It was too late, and little Bobby died. Mr. Sexton never reproached his wife for this; but her conscience did. She knew her great fault, and of course she could not help feeling at times that her child might have lived, had she procured advice sooner.

The years went on. Polly and little Bobby became but memories, and the Sextons were no longer a young couple. Robert had good wages, and his wife had not too much to do to keep in order her four rooms, prepare the meals, and attend to her husband's comforts. But her habit of procrastination was a constant source of trouble and inconvenience.

"I'm not fond of finding fault," said Lord Harford, one day; "but why don't you get your gloves mended, Robert? It is not pleasant to see a coachman driving with his fingers through his gloves."

Robert was silent; he could not very well say—"I gave them to my wife to mend; but when I was ready to start I found the gloves had not been touched, and there was no time to wait."

One cold March morning Lord Harford died. His nephew and heir was travelling to India, and it was uncertain when he would return. So Woodlands was shut up, and most of the servants were discharged. The horses and carriages were sold; and the lawyer said to Robert Sexton,

"If you like to occupy this house for a time you may. It's as well to have a few people living upon the estate."

Robert had thus a house to live in for a time; and, as he had saved a little money he could afford to wait the arrival of the new Lord Harford.

The summer came and went, so did the winter, but still Lord Harford did not return. Then Robert had a long illness, and was quite unfit for work. When he was better he did what odd jobs he could, assisting flymasters at busy times. But his savings had all vanished; and for the first time since their marriage the Sextons had to think twice before they spent a penny.

When the carrier broke his leg, Robert Sexton took his place for a time. It was then

October, and Lord Harford was really coming home at last. On his arrival to England he paid a visit to Woodlands and ordered the house to be repaired.

Lord Harford stayed at Westbury, an old market town some six miles off; but he often went over to Woodlands; and as soon as he could Robert had an interview with his lordship, the result of which was not exactly an engagement, as there were a few points on which the two did not exactly agree.

"It was very foolish of me," said Robert afterwards to his wife. "I should have given way: a servant should not argue with his master. Next time we meet I'll say less; for what shall we do if I fail to get the situation? and I've no prospect of any other employment. The carrier will be well enough to drive his cart in a week or two.

"You must be Lord Harford's coachman, Robert," said his wife.

Robert was often out late with the carrier's cart at night and early in the morning. Mrs. Sexton did not sit up for her husband, neither did she make a point of rising before he started. One evening a letter came for Robert; his wife put it on the mantel-shelf, and went to bed before her husband. Robert rose at five, and by chance saw the letter, which was very important. He carefully answered it, muttering,

"I must go round with thecart, otherwise I would take the letter myself."

Then Robert spoke to his wife, who was not yet up.

"It's a fine day," he said, "and I'm going to give you a little journey. I want you to take this letter to the Queen's Hotel, Westbury, before five o'clock. Don't forget—*before five o'clock.*"

Mrs. Sexton leisurely got through the morning, in her usual way, making no preparations for her journey to Westbury. After dinner she thought of the letter, and said to herself, "What a pity I have to take that long walk just when I want to have my afternoon rest; and Robert knows I dislike going out before tea. Why five o'clock? Surely seven will do as well. I'll have a cup of tea first, and start in the evening. There will be a full moon; so I shan't have a dark walk home."

Subsiding into her chair, Mrs. Sexton mooned over an old newspaper for some time. Then, rousing from the doze which followed, she saw on the floor the letter her husband received the previous night. There were no secrets between them; he read her letters, and she read his. This was as follows:—

"Queen's Hotel, Westbury.

"Let me know to-morrow whether you agree to my terms; if so you may consider yourself engaged as my coachman. Call, or write, *before five;* otherwise I shall suppose you decline my terms, and I shall give the situation to a young man whom I have every reason to believe will serve me well.

"HARFORD."

In Mrs. Sexton's own words, this put her in a "perfect fright." If the letter was not delivered before five Ler husband would lose the situation, and how could she reach Westbury before five, when it was now four? She was *too late:* they would have to suffer all sorts of unknown troubles because she was too late.

Mrs. Sexton's fault was procrastination. She had plenty of energy when fairly aroused. Mrs. Sexton was energetic enough now. She jumped up, put on her bonnet, and hurried on in the direction of Westbury, walking as fast as she could. Though not now a young woman, Mrs. Sexton, scant of flesh, and free from rheumatism, could still walk very fast when she liked.

Through the little village she went, through the churchyard in which little Bobby and Polly were buried, across several fields, along the high road, and then she came to a gipsy-haunted wood, which Mrs. Sexton disliked to enter at any time. But not a moment did she hesitate now, though there was another but longer route. Into the woods she went, and through the wood, and out of the wood, crossing the deep ravine in the centre, and passing the seat at the top of the hill; not a moment dared she to rest, but hurried on to Westbury, entering the town, and reaching the Queen's Hotel just as the clocks were striking—what? Five! It couldn't be! But the clock in the hall of the hotel was at five; and only five o'clock it was after all!

Then Mrs. Sexton remembered that her clock at home was ever so much too fast. For the last few days she had been going to put it right, but had neglected to do so. For once her procrastination was a benefit.

"Is Lord Harford in?" asked Mrs. Sexton.

"He is," replied an attendant, "but is engaged at present."

Mrs. Sexton sat down on one of the chairs in the hall as weary in spirit as she was tired in body. Was she too late after all. Was Lord Harford now arranging about the young man he had mentioned? What a long time it seemed! At last a gentleman came down, and Mrs. Sexton was shown the way to Lord Harford's room. He was just beginning to write.

Mrs. Sexton delivered her husband's letter. Lord Harford read it, and said—

"You were almost too late; I was just about to engage somebody else. Remember, I asked for an answer before five o'clock.

"My husband could not come, your lordship, and I was a little later in starting to come than I ought to have been."

"I am glad you were not quite too late, for I do not wish to part with old servants if they are willing to serve me."

Mrs. Sexton, very humble and very thankful, had her tea in Westbury, and on setting out to return home met an old miller she knew, who drove her in his cart as far as he went, which was four miles on her way home, and avoided the wood. The rest of the journey was soon performed.

How Mrs. Sexton enjoyed that walk! How different were her feelings than when she came along. The night was mild, the moon was bright, and Mrs. Sexton felt as light-hearted as a young girl. She would never be late for anything again; and, to begin with, supper should be ready when Robert came home. It was ready; and the good news the wife had to tell her husband was excellent sauce.

Robert Sexton is still Lord Harford's coachman, and still lives in the Swiss cottage in the park. Mrs. Sexton has improved in many ways since that never-to-be-forgotten journey in October, when she was almost too late. A lesson to all who procrastinate.—*British Workwoman.*

UNCLE JOHN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY THE REV. E. E. ROGERS.

"Why didn't I see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I only gave fifty cents. And that half-dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars—why, it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it 'a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw, whenever our contributions are solicited.' He asked us to try the experiment for one year—'to set apart a certain proportion of our income for the Lord's work.' I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, the one-tenth they gave into the Lord's treasury. I thought what a mean and close-fisted Jew I should have made, had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year, and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! and I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of all expenses, twelve hundred dollars. Three dollars is one four-hundredth part of twelve hundred dollars. The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes. Said I, 'I am not quite ready for the Jew's one-tenth but I will try one-twentieth, and see how it works. I got a big envelope, and put down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could, I put the sixty dollars into it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It costs me a little something to say it at first, but when it was done how good I felt over it. When this appeal came from foreign missions, all I had to do was just to run to my treasury and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How he has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre—one of my best yearlings, and one-tenth the profits from my orchard. That will surely carry the Lord's fund up to seventy-five dollars; and if it don't, I will make it up from something else."

Thus Uncle John soliloquized, and the more he thought the subject over, the more he wondered he hadn't seen things in the right light before. If the farmers of our land would only try Uncle John's experiment, they would fill the treasuries of our missionary societies to overflowing. No more would the shameful cry of "retrenchment" be heard. No more would our poorly paid home missionaries have to wait for months for their small quarterly dues. No more would the aggressive work of the church be stopped by what Joseph Cook calls "penuriousness." Let us try the experiment. Let us begin to keep a debt and credit account with the Lord, and then we shall realize what the failures of the past have been. May the Lord open our eyes as he did the eyes of Uncle John!—*S. S. Times.*

CHINA.

Mr. Sprague and Dr. Porter have recently taken a Mission tour of about fifty miles to Yu-cho. They mention the case of a convert at Swei-chuan desirous of church fellowship, who burnt his thirteen idols and ancestral tables. It is at this place that Feng, the native helper, resides.

Dr Porter says,—"When Feng made inquiring intimations as to what should be done about the idols and tablets, the man was all ready. He un-hung the pictures from the central room, called the ancestral hall, and brought them all to me, with eight most sacred ancestral tables, the resting-places of the soul (as Dr. Legge reads) of the ancestors of the house. I was strongly tempted to keep some of them as curiosities, but was a little afraid it might not be understood. So I said, as mildly as I could, but with intense gladness in my heart, "Now you shall make a grand confession of your new faith."

So we took the paper gods, the kitchen god, the god of health and the god of mercy, and made a pile in the centre of the little court. The tablets were of fine hard wood and I was afraid they would not burn easily. The man got a whisp of light straw, and with a stout heart set the fire a-going. He brought some kindling too, and at last the tablets fairly caught.

The paper gods were painted heavily, and bright lurid flames crept up slowly through the smoke. At length the paper and wood burned fiercely, and we had a grand bonfire. I was afraid the tablets might not be burned enough, but we all stirred them into the hottest flame, until they were all consumed to ashes.

What a sight that was for a hot July sunset scene! A man in his own court, with his family about him, with hosts of friends and neighbours in the court or standing on the roofs and walls all round, quietly setting fire to his guardian deities, the shrines of his own parents and ancestors! I confess to an exultant feeling as I saw the calm determination of the father, and as I heard the low muttering of horror or deprecation from the by-standers. What a grand witness to the new faith of the man! I suppose that village never saw a like scene. Perhaps few others would have dared to act so openly.

When nothing but charcoal was left of the once worshiped gods, the man merely said, "Well, those tablets cost money when erected." I said, "And how much richer are you without them? Surely there is joy in heaven among the angels on your account today.

Twenty thousand people, perhaps, will be startled into some sort of thought by the testimony of this one man!—*Christian Monthly.*

BEING READY FOR DEATH.

(From the United Presbyterian.)

What is it to be ready for death? It is simply to be in that spiritual state and relation to God in which death will work no injury. When death does not separate us from God, when it releases us from this life and gives us an entrance into the eternal life with God, we are ready to die; that is, however suddenly death may come, it does not imperil salvation. In other words, every one who has believed, and is justified, has not only access into grace now, but also entrance into glory whenever summoned. Preparation for death is not a certain measure of holiness, a being "good enough," but it is being *in Christ Jesus.* Though the lightning be God's swift messenger, there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Grace is not intermittent but flows an unbroken stream. The new life is not crossed by chasms into which we may step and be lost, but is a firm way on which we tread confidently. There are no unguarded periods in which death may smite us while the strong arm of the Lord is not about us. We are always in his keeping.

We need to have this deeply impressed upon our minds, that if we have received the Lord Jesus, power has been given us to become the sons of God and we are saved. It belongs to God, then, to determine the manner as well as the time of our removal to his presence. Look at death in the light of these words: "The Father *has made us meet* to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." If he chooses to give us the full possession of the inheritance in a moment, how can it work harm? If he, without announcement to us, translates us into his presence, how can it endanger our salvation? If he is pleased to spare us the pains of approaching death, and all the attending sorrow of sundering ties, is it not love? Should we live in dread of the sudden opening of heaven to us?

To be ready for death, then, is to be possessed of the new life in Christ. And this we need for living as well as for dying. For it gives us peace in the assurance of God's favor. It gives us confidence by assuring us of Almighty protection, and of the certainty that death, at whatever time it may come, will be a removal to dwell with Christ.

LAYING IN FUEL FOR THE VOYAGE.—It is a sad thing for a man to say on his death-bed, as the late Samuel Bowles, of the Massachusetts *Springfield Republican,* said upon his, "Nothing is the matter with me but thirty, five years of hard work. I never was much of a boy; I had very little boyhood." Many a man is over wearied and prematurely aged because he had "very little boyhood." In crossing the Atlantic, the steamers have to take in their supply of coal and provisions before they start. The time is not misspent that is apparently spent in idling at the wharves. If enough coal is not stored there will be a lame conclusion to the voyage. If there is plenty, then the strokes of the paddles will go on without abatement of vigor until the steamer glides up to its dock in Liverpool. No owner is willing to send off his vessel with out this full supply, but many a parent is even anxious to have his children commence the long voyage of life long before they are laden for it. Boyhood is the storing in time of energy, endurance, valor, nerve, muscle, hope, faith, love, charity, earnestness—all, in fact, that a man needs to make a successful voyage, and without which the fires die down, the wheels cease their revolutions, and the vessel becomes a helpless thing before the voyage is half over. We plead with the parents to let their children have all the childhood possible. They can never do them any greater harm than by making them start upon the voyage too early.—*National Sunday-school Teacher.*

Question Corner.—No. 13.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

73. On what mountain was Josiah slain in battle?
74. What king of Israel commanded eighty-five priests to be slain with a sword?
75. What woman, upon the death of her son, the king of Judah, murdered her grandchildren and usurped the kingdom?
76. When was the feast of tabernacles celebrated for the first time after the death of Joshua?
77. What was the name of the king of Judah who had his eyes put out and then was imprisoned for life?
78. On what mountain was a king commanded to gather a whole nation?
79. What prophetess dwelt under a palm tree?
80. Who was the left-handed judge that delivered Israel?
81. Who slew his seventy brothers and proclaimed himself king of Israel?
82. Of whom does the Bible give an account as highway robbers?
83. Whose life was lengthened fifteen years in answer to prayer?
84. Who said "Let me die the death of the righteous?"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. The son of Phineas.
2. A city in central Palestine.
3. A name borne by one of the children of Anak.
4. One of the sons of Asshur.
5. An herb named by our Lord.
6. The builder of Jericho.

The *initials* and *finals* give the names of two great prophets.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

49. Psalm cix. 10.
50. Isaiah ii. 4.
51. Joshua in dividing the land, Josh. xviii. 8.
52. Acts xv. 23.
53. B. C. 607, By Children of Rechab, Jer. xxxv. 1,11
54. In the wilderness by Anah, Gen. xxxvi. 24.
55. Abraham, Gen. xv. 5.
56. Five. 1. Pharaoh to be relieved of the plagues, Ex. viii. 8. 2. Israel to be relieved of serpents, Num. xxi. 7. 3. Jeroboam when his hand was withered, 1 Kings xiii. 6. 4. Simon's prayer, Acts viii. 24. 5. Zedekiah for deliverance, Jer. xxxvii. 3.
57. Because of their cruelty to the Shechemites, Gen. xlix, 7.
58. Abimelech, Judges ix. 26.
59. Jethro, Exodus iii. 1.
60. John the Baptist, Malachi iv, 5, 6.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

1. M-ammo-n, Luke xvi. 9-14.
2. O-n-o, Neh. vi. 2.
3. S-hina-r, Gen. xi. 1-9.
4. E-phphath-a, Mark vii. 34.
5. S-heb-a, 1 Kings x. 2,10.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 10.—Lina Sutherland, Ingersol, O., 8; William F. Butchart, Sault Ste. Marie, O., 2; Sophia M. Lamont, Chatham, N.B., 5; Saunders Sweet, Canada Creek, N.S., 5; William Vandusen, Jordan, O., 9; Stephen S. stevens, Hopewell Hill, N.B., 5; John F. Milson, Cottan, O., 13; E. McLellan, Noel Shore, N. S., 8; W. S. McEachern, N. Keppel, O., 6; David J. Dyson, Kintail, O., 4; Andrew Derby, Durham, O., 2;

To No. 11.—Andrew Derby, Durham, O., 2.

Mary Rettie, New Deer, Aberdeenshire Scotland sends 7 correct answers to those in No. 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON II.—July 14.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.—Luke ii. 40-52.

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48. And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

GOLDEN TEXT.—**"And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man."**—Ver 52.

1. Where was the home of Jesus in his youth?

ANS. In Nazareth.

2. What kind of a child would you expect him to be?

3. What kind of a child was he? Ver. 40.

4. Do we know much about his early years.

ANS. Very little.

5. Why did his parents go to Jerusalem every year? Ver. 41.

6. What does this show us?

ANS. That they were religious people.

7. How old was he at this time when they took him with them? Ver. 42.

8. Had he ever been at Jerusalem before?

ANS. Yes; he was carried into the temple at Jerusalem when about three months old.

9. Who saw him there, and thanked God that they had lived to see the Saviour?

ANS. The aged Simeon, and Anna the prophetess.

10. How did Jesus and his parents take this long journey to Jerusalem?

ANS. They went on foot, with a large company of neighbors and friends.

11. What took place when the feast was ended? Vers 43-45.

12. When and where did they find him? Ver. 46.

13. What did the learned men think of this boy twelve years old? Ver. 47.

14. What do you think they were talking about?

ANS. About the love of God, and other sacred things.

51. Do children of that age generally know much about such things?

16. How did the child Jesus know about them?

ANS. He was the Son of God, and knew every thing.

17. When they found him, what did his mother say to him? Ver. 48.

18. What was his reply? Ver. 49.

19. What did he mean by this?

ANS. That he had a special work to do for his heavenly Father, and he wondered that his parents did not know it.

20. Is it strange that they did not understand better who he was?

ANS. It seems so to us, for they had been told many times, and even by the angels of God.

21. After this visit to Jerusalem, what did Jesus do? Ver. 51.

22. What is meant by his being "subject" unto his parents?

ANS. That he was an obedient, faithful child.

23. How can you imitate him?

24. When you read of Christ's early life, what should it make you remember?

ANS. That he knows the feelings of children, and can understand all their joys and sorrows.

25. What is the Golden Text? Ver. 51.

26. Can it ever be true of any other child besides Jesus?

27. Does this lesson make the Saviour seem any nearer to you than he did before?

Motto for this week.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

LESSON III.—July 21.

MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Luke iii. 15-22.

15. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not;

16. John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

17. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

18. And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

19. But Herod, the tetrarch, being reproved by him for Herodias his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Herod had done.

20. Added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison.

21. Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened.

22. And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased.

GOLDEN TEXT.—**"For he shall be Great in the sight of Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink."** Luke i. 15.

1. Who was John the Baptist?

ANS. A wonderful preacher in Judæa.

2. What prophets had foretold what he would do, hundreds of years before he was born?

ANS. Isaiah and Malachi.

3. What did the angel Gabriel tell his father?

ANS. That he should be filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth.

4. What else did the angel Gabriel say of him? Golden Text.

5. What is it to be "great in the sight of the Lord"?

Ans. To be brave and strong in doing the Lord's work.

6. Do you think his not drinking wine or strong drink helped him to be great?

7. What was his special work?

ANS. To prepare the people to receive Christ.

8. How did he do this?

ANT. He told them of their sins, and begged them to repent and be forgiven.

9. Why was he called the Baptist?

ANS. Because he baptized great multitudes of those who repented.

10. What did some people think of him? Ver. 15.

11. What did John say to this? Ver. 16.

12. Do you understand what he means?

ANS. That Christ was so much above him that he was not worthy even to take off His shoes. (Teacher will describe sandals, &c.)

13. Was John proud, or humble?

14. Can one be humble and yet bold and brave?

15. What else did John say of Jesus? Ver. 17.

16. To what does this refer?

ANS. To the Jewish custom of threshing grain, and separating the wheat from the chaff.

17. Who are meant by the wheat and the chaff?

ANS. The righteous and the wicked.

18. Who came one day among the multitude, to be baptized by John?

ANS. Jesus.

19. How old was he at this time?

ANS. About thirty years of age.

20. Where had he been all the eighteen years since he talked with the doctors in the temple?

ANS. Probably living quietly at Nazareth with his parents.

21. What wonderful things occurred when John baptized him? Ver. 21, 22.

22. Could those who saw and heard these things doubt that he was the Son of God?

23. Of what is baptism a sign?

ANS. Of being consecrated, or appointed, to some special work.

24. Some time after the baptism of Christ, who put John in prison?

ANS. Herod the king, because John had boldly reproved him for his sins.

25. Did John ever come out of that prison alive?

ANS. No: his head was taken off there by the king's order.

26. Was John right, or wrong, in telling King Herod of his wickedness?

27. Is it better to die than to do wrong?

Promise for me if I am trying to do right.

"FEAR NOT: I WILL HELP THEE."

LESSON IV.—July 28.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.—Luke iv. 16-30.

16. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up to read.

17. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book he found the place where it was written:

18. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

19. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21. And he began to say unto them This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

22. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

23. And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.

24. And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country.

25. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;

26. But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.

27. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian.

28. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath,

29. And rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him into the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.

30. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way.

GOLDEN TEXT.—**"And they were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power."**—Ver. 32.

1. Where did Jesus live until he was thirty years of age?

2. How could he be in any place so long, and the people not know who he was?

ANS. He did not show his divine power during these years; and yet they must have thought him a very remarkable person.

3. How long was he absent from Nazareth at the time of his baptism?

ANS. We do not know exactly; but it must have been several weeks.

4. What did he do on his return? Ver. 16.

5. What does this fact show us about his habits?

ANS. That it was his custom to go to church every Sabbath.

6. What book did he read? Vers. 17-19.

7. Why did he choose this prophecy of Isaiah?

ANS. Because it was about himself, and he wished them to know it.

8. How did they receive it? Ver. 20.

9. Had they not always thought these words of Isaiah referred to the Messiah?

ANS. Yes; but they could not believe that Jesus, the son of Joseph, was the Messiah.

10. How did Jesus make the truth still plainer to them? Ver. 21.

11. Can you see how these words of Isaiah describe the work of our Saviour?

12. What did Jesus suppose they would want him to do?

ANS. To perform miracles to show that he was the Son of God.

13. Why would they not believe him if he did show them miracles? Ver. 24.

14. Can you explain the meaning of verse 24?

ANS. It means that people seldom think much of any one living among them, even though he may be very wonderful.

15. What did Jesus then tell them of the old prophets? Vers. 25-27.

16. What truth does he try to show the people of Nazareth?

ANS. That they would not believe him to be the Saviour, whatever he should do.

17. What made him so sure of this?

ANS. He could see their hearts, and read their thoughts: for he was the Son of God.

18. How did they like what he said to them? Ver. 28

19. Do people generally like to be told of their faults?

20. Why can we not see our own faults as plainly as we can see those of other people?

21. In their anger what did the people of Nazareth try to do with the Saviour? Ver. 29.

22. How did he escape from them? Ver. 30.

23. What effects had Christ's preaching at Capernaum? Golden Text.

24. Why do not the words of Christ have more power over us?

ANS. Perhaps because we have heard and slighted them so often.

25. If we love Christ with all our hearts, how shall we feel about his commands?

ANS. We shall be careful to learn and obey them all.

26. Whose help is necessary to make us feel our need of Christ, and trust him as our Saviour?

ANS. The help of the Holy Spirit.

27. When you wish very much to please God, of what may you be sure?

ANS. That the Holy Spirit is near.

28. What is it to grieve the Holy Spirit?

ANS. To wish he would leave us, and try to think of something else, and forget holy things.

Caution for this week.

"GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT OF GOD."

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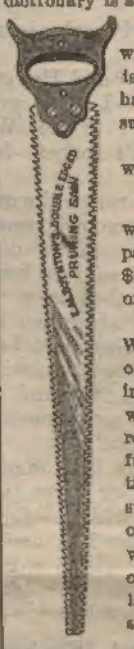

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